



They, to my sight be vowed enemies  
And made a traitorous league not to  
depart;  
Under the colour of tormenting those  
Which were first causers of mine heart's  
distress.  
And closely with mine heart, by guile, did  
close Through blinding them, to make my  
torment less; O let those fearful thoughts,  
which still oppress me, Turn to the  
dungeon of my troubled brain ! Despair t<sup>s</sup>  
accompany ! which doth possess me,  
And with his venom poisoneth every vein.  
Ugly Despair ! who, with black force,  
assaults Me vanquished with conceit, and  
makes me dwell With Horror, matched in  
Melancholy's vaults! Where I lie burning  
in my Fancies' Hell.  
O thou, dread Ruler of my sorrows' rage !  
Of thee ! and none but thee, I beg  
remorse! With thy sweet breath, thou  
may my sighs assuage! And make my  
sorrows' fountains stay their course, And  
banish black Despair ! Then help me, now  
!  
Or know, Death can do this, as well as thou  
!



ELEGY XX.

DEAR vexation of my troubled soul! My life,  
with grief, when wilt thou consummate ? The  
dear remembrance of my passing soul; Mine  
heart, with some rests, hope doth animate.